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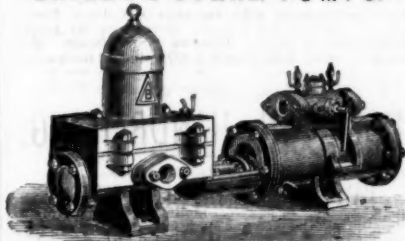
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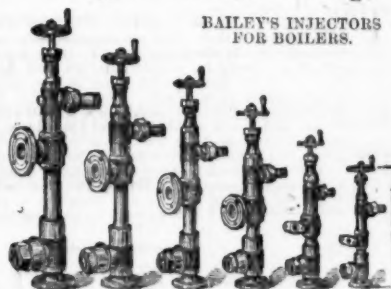
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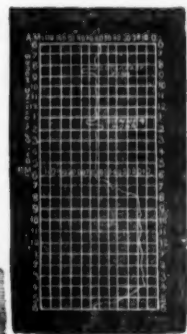
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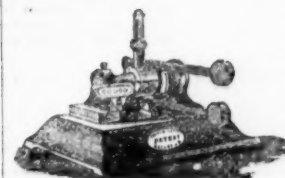
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 152.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MR. W. RAYNER WOOD, J.P., AND THE NUNS.

ANY strange freaks have been perpetrated by Justices of the Peace; but we venture to say that few of these have eclipsed in foolhardiness and folly the latest exploit on the part of Mr. W. Rayner Wood, J.P., of Singleton Lodge, Singleton Brook, Higher Broughton. On Friday last two of the Little Sisters of the Poor had the misfortune, or, perhaps, the good fortune, to solicit assistance from that gentleman on behalf of the old and poor persons whose cause they represent. All at once, Mr. Wood had them locked up as vagrants. We believe he would not hear of their being liberated on bail. Next day they were brought up at the County Police Court. Mr. Wood gave what he thought was evidence against them; but the bench set them free and severely censured the gentleman at whose instigation they had been imprisoned. No doubt, charitable persons are frequently imposed upon. A London paper very justly says it is much to be wished that some means were devised for guaranteeing the *bona fides* of ladies dressed in the costume of sisters of charity who make house-to-house visitations soliciting alms. There is some reason to fear that thieves and vagrants, especially in the suburbs of London, occasionally don the attire of "Little Sisters," and pursue their nefarious occupations in the garb of extreme innocence. Some little time ago large rums were extracted from the pockets of unsuspecting householders by some rascals dressed in the uniform of the fire-brigade, who professed to collect subscriptions for that body. This fraud being exposed, their female friends have taken to the "Little Sister" dodge. But there was no suspicion of fraud in this case. Even Mr. Wood does not allege that he smelt imposture. What his reason was for having them locked up is one of those things which no fellow can understand. Does Mr. Wood understand it himself? The two ladies in question asked for alms on behalf of a well-known charitable institution. Mr. George Richardson tells us that the aim and end of this charity is to provide homes for the aged and infirm poor of both sexes, to feed them, to clothe them, and to minister to all their wants. The Little Sisters of the Poor have no funds or income whatever. They support their aged inmates by whatever public charity affords them, collecting daily from house to house scraps of food, old clothing, alms in money, or anything that may be afforded them. Although the institution is Catholic, no distinction is made on account of religion. Provided they are infirm, destitute old people, incapable of gaining their own livelihood, and have no person to gain it for them, they are fit objects for the asylum of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The house of the Little Sisters is at all times open to visitors from eleven o'clock in the morning until five in the evening. The Little Sisters have been in Manchester now more than twenty years, and support at their house, No. 201, Plymouth Grove, about 240 poor, and at their house recently taken in Halliwell Lane, Cheetham, about thirty. Mr. Wood may visit these homes if he chooses, and see for himself the sort of Christ-like work which is being done within their walls. That would be better, more sensible, and more gentlemanly than to hand over to the police the friends of the homeless and the helpless. Mr. T. Dickens, the presiding magistrate, might well describe the case as a "deplorable" one in so far as Mr. Wood was connected with it. It is well for Mr. Wood that Parliament is not sitting. If it had, it would in all probability have sat upon him. In the meantime, however, his conduct will be brought under the notice of the Home Secretary and the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Wood may well wish he were safely out of the wood.

TALES FROM STANDARD AUTHORS.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

No. III.—THE RIDICULOUS CONDUCT OF MR. TIMON.

A FEW thousand years ago, when Athens was one of the best places in the world to live in for those who like to see a bit of life, there was a notable citizen of the place called Mr. Timon, or, more commonly, Lord Timon, though there was no Athenian peerage. Now Timon was one of the best fellows in the world, for his father had left him an enormous pot of money, the proceeds of a very successful pawnbroking business, and the son used to spend it just like a prince, or rather not like a prince, for a person bearing that title usually spends the nation's money, whereas Timon's was his own. So much money had he that he could any afternoon go into a tavern and have a good fuddle on brandy and soda, or even champagne, while other people were obliged to be content with beer, that is, if they were not in Timon's company, for then he stood like a brick. He not only paid all his friends' debts, but gave them anything he had in his house just for the asking, and was constantly inviting them to banquets, the sumptuousness of which may be gathered from the fact that each course was preceded by oysters at three-and-six a dozen, and that after dinner the choicest cigars that Havana could supply were laid upon the table. It will, therefore, not be surprising that Timon should be voted the best fellow in all Athens by every soul in the city, except a rummy old cock called Apemantus, who did not take much trouble to conceal his opinion that Timon was an ass for his pains. Nobody, however, paid any attention to what old Ape said, but went on honouring Timon more and more as his dinners increased in splendour, and his cigars in flavour and condition. He was, of course, sent to Parliament, and, besides that, occupied the high position of colonel of the Athenian horse marines, whom he had so gallantly led to victory in many a sham fight, that he was justly esteemed the greatest soldier of the time, not even excepting Sir Thomas Alcihiades, who then happened to be commander-in-chief.

Timon, at the point this story opened, had been going on in this way for several years past, giving away horses, dogs, cats, carriages, and other live stock, drinking his three bottles a-day, playing Nap. till five in the morning, making all his visitors drunk even before supper, and generally enjoying himself in a most magnificent sort of way. But, of course, unless a man kept a bank himself—which Timon didn't—this sort of thing could not go on for ever. A persistent run of ill-luck at Nap. will deplete the longest purse, and somehow or other Timon never by any chance won, for the very sufficient reason that his dear friends knew it would grieve him to win their money, and therefore prevented him from doing so by regularly cheating him out of his own. Nor was this the only method by which Timon got rid of his pelf. If an artist had made a pot boiler which the hanging committee of the academy refused to look at, all he had to do was to take it to Timon and sell it for anything he liked up to fifty dollars. If a poet had perpetrated verses which the editor of a local paper thought not good enough for the poetry column, all he had to do was to take it to Timon, and straightway he would get a sovereign for it besides permission to go into the kitchen and tell the cook to give him a blow out, and in fact everybody who wanted anything had only to go to Timon, and he stumped up in a minute, being, indeed, nearly always too drunk to know what he was doing. The consequence was that old Flavius, his steward, found that the exchequer was running very low, whereat he was considerably enraged, for he saw that in a short time there would be nothing left for himself to pick up. It is true that Flavius had the reputation of being strictly honest, but the reader's knowledge of human nature will teach him at once that, as the old man had the unlimited control of Timon's bank book, it is quite absurdly incredible that he should not have feathered his own nest. Indeed it would have been

On the afternoon of Monday last, in Brooklands Cemetery, the grave closed over the remains of Mr. James Bell Simpson, one of the most genial men this City has ever known. Mr. Simpson was a clever writer for the Press, prose and poetry flowing from his pen with equal facility, and both possessing a charm peculiarly their own. His generous disposition caused him at times to lose sight of his own interests. During the years he resided amongst us Mr. Simpson made troops of friends, but not a single enemy. Many of his sayings will long be remembered, and his early death will long be mourned, in numerous circles.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

most reprehensible in him not to do so, for there was no danger whatever of his being found out, which is well understood to be the chief, if not the only, reason that makes people honest. Old Flavius, therefore, began to grumble at Timon's expenditure in very strong terms, but he seems to have had no other device for getting money than that of not spending what was left. If the old koot had had the slightest gumption he would have put Timon up to promoting companies, which is a most profitable occupation, and, if the promoter is really clever, entails no risk to himself. Timon, with his credit and reputation, might easily have started, say, a company for teaching the grandparents of the day how to extract the substance of eggs by the process of suction, with a capital of £10,000,000—a sum which would have kept Timon going for a considerable time. But nothing of the sort was done, and at last Timon got so hard up that he hadn't two halfpence to jingle on a tombstone, though it ought in fairness to be said that he never manifested any desire to jingle halfpence on tombstones. It might have been supposed that Flavius or Timon himself would have shown some little spark of genius, some knowledge of the world at this critical moment. One would have imagined that now, at all events, one or the other would have thought of some natural way of raising the wind, and doing the creditors; but, no: with a stupidity which showed that both Timon and his steward ought to have been confined in the deepest dungeon 'neath a castle moat, as hopeless Innatics, they actually tried to get in a little cash by sending round and broadly asking Timon's friends to lend it, chiefly on the ground, forsooth, that all these friends had had far more from Timon than ever he asked from them now. As if that made any difference. If Timon made them gifts expecting to receive a *quid pro quo*, then all that can be said is that he was a mean skunk; and if he did not expect a return then he had no business to bring these gifts of his up now as an excuse for borrowing. It would be easy to suggest a hundred ways in which he might have got the necessary coin. Here, for instance, is one. Suppose that, instead of sending to his dear friend Lucullus for a loan of fifty talents, he had just happened to slip across there himself and call in quite promiscuous-like to have a morning nip. While he was there and talking to Lucullus about the great things he intended to do for him and everyone else, and asking him whether he thought his old woman would like a new set of diamonds, his steward Flavius ought, by preconcert, to have come in, too, and addressing Timon told him that the picture he had ordered had come home, and that the painter wanted the hundred and fifty talents for it at once as he was off to America by the next post. Timon would then have ordered Flavius to pay the money, whereupon the steward should have remarked that he hadn't as much in the house, having taken all the cash to the bank the night before. Then Timon, with well simulated impatience, should have said, "Well, go to the bank, and don't bother me about such a trifle." Flavius, taking up the cue, would have reminded him that it was then ten minutes past twelve or so, and that the banks closed at twelve on Saturday, whereupon nothing could have been more natural than for Timon to turn carelessly to Lucullus, and ask him if he happened to have the money in the house and could lend it him for a day or two. Lucullus would have been certain to tumble to the scheme and produce the money. The little game might have been repeated all over the town, so that by the evening, Timon would have had about a hundred thousand, or thereabouts, to go on with. He might then either have paid his butcher, his baker, his candlestick maker, and the rest, and filed a petition in bankruptcy, on account of the liabilities incurred in borrowing, or he might have hooked it to England, or, in short, done anything but what he did do. Of course, any idiot might have guessed that when Lucullus, Ventidius, Lucius, and the others were applied to in this stand-and-deliver sort of way they would instantly refuse to be parties to the further extravagance of which Timon might be guilty if he got the money. They were men with families to look after, and why should they lend to a pauper like Timon merely because he had ladled it out to them pretty freely in the past? Gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come, as everybody knows, and there were obviously no more favours to be expected from Timon, now that he was so hard up. Still, all his friends, though firm in their refusals, were nevertheless gentle, and did not give vent to the virtuous indignation which the spectacle of such wanton extravagance and its consequences must have aroused in their breasts. Not to wound the old pauper's feelings, they were all kind enough to make some plausible excuse, and not one hinted that Timon had better get into the workhouse as fast as he could. And yet, so infuriated was this old fool, and so green in the most ordinary ways of the world, that he actually fell into a rage when his messengers came back and reported their want of success, and what is

more extraordinary still, Mr. William Shakspeare, his biographer, is also weak enough to try and enlist our sympathies for Timon against his friends. Shakspeare lived in a less enlightened age than this, and that, perhaps, is some excuse for him, but even he ought to have seen enough of the world to know that every man not in Bedlam would have done just as Lucullus and the others did. Nevertheless, Timon, as I say, did get into a fearful rage, and in order, as he thought, to punish those who would not part at his modest demand, he invited them all to a magnificent dinner than ever he had given before. It speaks volumes for the amiable and forgiving nature of his friends that they should have in nowise resented the extraordinary conduct of Timon, nor have felt any resentment on account of his having tried to rob them in the way related. An attempt at robbery it certainly was, for Timon could obviously have had no means of paying the money if they had lent it, so that the cash would certainly have been obtained under false pretences. Timon ought to have been indicted for attempting to commit a felony, that's what he ought! But as I say, his friends forgave him, and, to show that they did so, willingly came to his dinner; all the more gladly, because they were relieved by the thought that their host's alleged impecuniosity was all bunkum. Never was confiding generosity more basely rewarded. Timon, like an old sneak, met his guests with a smile all over his face and half-way down his back, and led them into the banquetting hall, where, from appearances, they judged that the dinner would be a slap-up one and no mistake. Instead of that, when the covers were taken off there was nothing in the dishes but water; and while the guests were wondering what the devil it all meant, Timon began to swear at them like a Salford scuttler, and finished by chucking all the water in their faces and hustling them out of the room. This was simply the conduct of a beast, and one may imagine how annoyed all the ladies and gentlemen were to think that they had ever had anything to do with such a savage pig, and how glad they were they hadn't parted with their coin at his request. Still, they were not all hard upon him, and there is reason to believe that many remembered him in their pious devotions.

After this, Timon, who, when he got sober, was afraid lest somebody should come back and kick him for his conduct, prudently took his hook and went to live in a cave till the affair had blown over. In the wood in which this cave was situated he used to dig up pig nuts for his dinner with a spade which he had probably stolen, since he hadn't a halfpenny which he could rightly call his own to buy this agricultural implement. One day, as he was digging for the nuts, what should he come across but a bag of coin, probably buried there by Captain Kidd or some other pirate. Now, if he had been a sensible man he would have immediately got back to Athens with the money, put it in a bank, and gone in for a jolly good spree before he died. But being a natural born fool he didn't do that, but gave a part of the cash to Alcibiades, who was just then going to lay siege to the city, generously recommending him to cut everybody's throat, and adding the kindly wish that he might afterwards go to the devil himself as soon as possible. Of course the news that Timon had struck ile again was soon bruited abroad, and nothing could be more touching than to observe the way in which his old friends immediately began to think of him. One old woman sent him a pot of currant jelly, which is good for a sore throat; another forwarded, prepaid, sixty-five flannel shirts, seventeen hundred pairs of stockings, and a hundred dozen smoking caps. Lucullus with great consideration sent him a steam plough, which might be useful in his agricultural operations; Lucius forwarded a sewing machine to mend his old breeches with; Sempronius's present consisted of a French marble clock and a gross of toothpicks, and in fact everyone offered something just to show that there was no ill-feeling. More than that, it suddenly occurred to the Senate that Timon was really a capital sort of a fellow, and ought to be made much of, so they sent a deputation to invite him to come back and resume his offices in the State, promising him at the same time the supreme command of the Athenian Horse Marines, of which he had formerly been colonel, as well as that of the Roaring Rangers and the Valiant Pottewollopers, with the title of Field Marshal. In short, in the excess of their generosity they offered him anything he liked, merely asking in return that he should give old Alcibiades—who they had banished, and who was raging like a mad cow—a thorough good licking. Now I am sure there is no one alive but will agree with me that to refuse such offers was the height of imbecility and even of wickedness. Even if Timon had been badly treated, which he certainly had not, such an atonement ought to have made him pocket his resentment, and jump at the chance offered him. But no; this wretched old mountebank actually refused

G. L. DARBY,

Practical Umbrella Manufacturer, 55, Oxford Street, and 6, Stretford Road. Umbrellas Re-covered. Umbrellas Repaired. Umbrellas Made to Order. All work done on our own Premises, at the shortest notice, by Practical Workpeople.

everything, and did so without the ordinary civility of a savage, for he coolly informed his friends who loved him so much in spite of his faults, that they might go and hang themselves if they liked, providing the rope at their own expense, while he would point out a convenient tree. Such base ingratitude makes the sensitive soul squirm like a skinned eel. How thankful should we of this generation be that we live in more enlightened days, when no man is so un-Christian as to continue to harbour revengeful feelings if those with whom he is embroiled offer to heal the hurt with golden ointment. It was more than human nature could bear, and yet the generous senators left the old fool more in sorrow than in anger, and didn't give him a thump on the head at parting for his uncivil behaviour as they ought to have done. That was the last that anyone appears to have seen of Timon, for a few days after one of the Roaring Rangers, wandering down by the seaside looking for cockles for breakfast, came across a tombstone on which was an inscription to the effect that Timon was planted beneath it. I am obliged to follow the original biography of Shakspeare in this particular, but let me point out that it is ridiculously absurd. If Timon was buried there, who buried him? It is impossible to suppose that he had made any arrangement with the undertaker before he died, and it is also impossible that he could have buried himself. Again, who put up the tombstone? He could hardly have done it himself, before he died, for it is almost certain that he had no tools to shape the stone, or to cut the epitaph upon it, and it is surely out of the question that anyone should have taken the trouble to do it for him after he was dead, since they were not likely to get paid for the work. Altogether the subject is involved in inextricable mystery, and the only satisfactory thing about it is that Timon must certainly have died, since he does not appear to have been seen again. So terrible a tale of human depravity and stupidity, of so much idiocy and savageness concentrated in the breast of one man, is enough to draw tears from a wild cat, and must fill all of us with a deep sense of gratitude for the goodness, charity, loving-kindness, generosity, and general immaculateness, which are the characteristics of these latter days. Let all my readers be encouraged by this history to take the amiable Lucullus or Ventidius for his model. Let them take all they can get from modern Timons, in order to prevent them from bestowing their cash on less worthy objects, and never fail to reprove extravagance, when the opportunity occurs, as Lucullus and the rest did. So shall they go in great honour and riches to their graves, and have enormous tombstones erected by affectionate relatives to keep them down.

[P.S.—I wonder what Timon did with the rest of the money he found, and whether it would be worth while going to Athens to look for it.—F. J.]

"OPPOSING OFFICIALS" AT BARTON-UPON-IRWELL.

BRAVO, Bobby Norreys! This is the familiar term by which R. H. Norreys, of Davyhulme Hall and Penwortham, Esq., is known in his own neighbourhood. Mr. Norreys is a justice of the peace for the Salford Hundred of the County of Lancashire, and an ex-officio member of the Barton-upon-Irwell Board of Poor Law Guardians and the Rural Sanitary Authority which is tacked to that Board. Mr. Norreys is a little choleric in temper, at times, and a Tory, but, in spite of these, when he does his duty like a man, we are ready to applaud. We happen to have a lucid friend residing within this Barton Union, who is genial, well-informed, and shrewd—in fact, he knows a thing or two. A few days ago, we paid him a flying visit, and at that sometimes awkward epoch of an afternoon's excursion when a man is ready for his tea before it is ready for him, we snatched up the local print, to wit, the *Eccles Advertiser*, where we discovered that there had been some hot work at the Rural Sanitary meeting during the week. We asked for a few back numbers of this little, country-looking sheet, and, with the aid of our host, we got at a tolerable idea of the state of things. Four or five years ago, the Eccles Local Board began to talk about erecting a hospital for infectious cases. They dabbled on till the big Board in London pushed them with their goose quills into activity. Then this Rural Board got a dig or two on the same subject, and after some diplomacy there was an agreement to form a joint hospital committee, composed of three members of each Board. Mr. Norreys, being chairman of the Rural Sanitary Board, was, naturally enough, one of the three sent by the Sanitary Authority, and, we suppose, from his social position, he was elected chairman of the Hospital Committee. So far, so well. Anybody who knows anything of our present cumbersome system of local government knows that there is a great number of committees in connection with it, such as Highway,

Lighting, Sanitary, School-Attendance, Assessment, and others. In this Union they have the knack of putting these committees into work and of paying a special salary for the clerkage of each committee, and in this way the clerk of the Guardians and his family draw about £1,000 a year from the pockets of the ratepayers of the Union. In the same way the clerk to the Eccles Local Board and his family draw about half the above-named sum. Now, the latter individual was a pupil of the former. He was his servant for several years, and for many years past there has been no love existing between them. There has been check-mating, jealousy, and a keen rivalry as to who shall be the cock of the walk. They in their several arenas pull wires, and the puppets dance and act as well as in the best-conducted Punch and Judy exhibition or marionette play. The characters embrace the garrulous termagant, the blustering policeman who watches for the public interest, and there are caves and caves. Anybody not wilfully blind must have foreseen that there would be a scramble for this new committee, the place, the power, and the pounds which it would bring to its possessor. The two hawk-like clerks grew anxious to secure these fresh feathers from the public goose. Mr. Norreys saw the game. He declared that the question of the hospital was being trifled with. He declared that he would do his duty to the public fearlessly, and without respect to "opposing officials,"—these are his words. The Local Board members of the Hospital Committee were sent to that committee with powers plenary; Mr. Norreys very properly, we think, demanded the same confidence of his Board. He insisted *pro bono publico* on going on with the work, and mainly through his resolution the thing was licked into shape. When he went to his Board to report progress, he was charged with having been bullied. The sanitary people demanded to see a letter said to be in possession of the Local Board which has no existence, except as a phantom of the brain. So excellently did these puppets dance that they could not see the force of *ex nihilo nihil fit*, though some of them nearly went into a fit. Mr. Norreys battled in a way worthy of his ancestors who fought at Flodden Field. He assumed the chieftainship of an injured public, and, like brave Widdington, he fought upon his stumps. But at last, overpowered by numbers, he was bullied into resigning his connection with the joint Hospital Committee. If Mr. Norreys will only hold by his resolution to do battle for the public as he has begun he will earn the thanks and the prayers of many a poor widow and many a poor orphan, and likewise of many a man who is struggling, and battling, and tugging against hard times and bad trade, and all those hardships of a plodding life to which "opposing officials" are unfortunately strangers. Many a poor creature has felt the pinch keenly to raise his or her rates and the demands made by "opposing officials." There have been many pretenders to the championship of public interests in the quarter we allude to, but on getting place they either flicker and grow dumb or confine their protective powers to a very limited number of persons. A champion like Mr. Norreys has long been wanted. Bravo! Norreys.

HOLD! ENOUGH!

HOW to know a Conservative when you meet him is a very valuable gift. Thanks to the Mayor of Louth, we are in a position to-day to tell our readers how the thing may be done. This is His Worship's recipe:—

When you meet with a man with a full bright eye,
And the brow that tells of the purpose high,
With the port of pride and with gesture free,
And a frank and manly courtesy;
Who yields to women and grey-haired old
The respect in which each should aye be held;
Who insult neither will brook or give—
Be sure that man's a Conservative!

If he is not afraid or ashamed to own
He believes in his Bible and kneels to the throne
(Giving cheers for Dizzy—for Gladstone a groan);
If he bears on his banner the well-known line,
"That Monarchs rule by Right Divine;"
If you find that he fearlessly takes his stand
With Prelate and Peer for his native land;
For them, or with them, to fall and live—
Be sure that man's a Conservative!

It is really too bad that, in these degenerate days, the Muses should go over *en masse* to the side of the Tories—is it not? Ah, well; they are heartily welcome to the Mayor of Louth and all the other Jingo rhymersters in the land!

The HATS THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR STYLE, DURABILITY, AND CHEAPNESS, ARE ROBERTS'S, 87, Oxford Street, near All Saints.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Mr. Rayner Wood, J.P., has been more talked and written about than any other gentleman in Manchester this week.

That the *Jackdaw* hopes he likes it.

That we wonder whether he would do the same thing again if he had the chance.

That many persons believe he would, for it is said not to be Mr. Rayner Wood's nature ever to acknowledge himself wrong.

That, at least, he came off second best in the Police Court on Saturday.

That he should have braved it out, and not winced under, or run away from, Mr. Addison's castigation.

That we haven't heard the last of the case.

That, at least, it was simply cruel to have the two nuns locked up for four-and-twenty long hours.

That we are told the police authorities remonstrated with Mr. W. Rayner Wood and tried to induce him to release the Little Sisters of the Poor.

That—great principles being at stake—he was hard as adamant and immovable as a rock.

That Mr. W. Rayner Wood and the handful of loveable individuals who agree with him are about to have all sorts of naughty persons locked up and prosecuted.

That the details of their grand crusade against everything in the form of Christian charity are all but completed.

That little Methodist girls will be dealt with in this way for going about with cards collecting money for Foreign Missions.

That full-grown, warm-hearted ladies will be handed over to the police for canvassing for subscriptions in order to give treats to the aged and the poor.

That red-nosed churchwardens will be taken before the beaks for going round with the plate.

That our P. D. is the only prominent personage whom we have heard expressing any sympathy with Mr. Wood.

That he thinks Mr. Wood has been hardly dealt with by his brother justices and the newspaper critics, especially as the encounter on which he entered was an unequal one.

That, rather than engage in a contest with nuns, our P. D. declares that after this he will have none of it—that is, none of Police Court justice.

That some one advised us to discharge the Imp on the spot.

That we wout, because we have long recognised the fact that people can no more agree on religious or other questions than they can all wear the same suit of clothes.

That quite a wail has been raised over poor Mr. Whalley's death.

That the Pope and the Jesuits will be left to do pretty much as they like now.

That there must be an immense number of well-to-do Jews in Manchester.

That the Hebrew Day of Atonement was observed on Monday.

That quite a host of shops were closed on that day in each of the main thoroughfares in the City.

That our Jewish friends are great supporters of the Closing Movement.

That they get on well in business for all that.

MAYORS—OLD AND NEW.

BARKLY looms the day eventful,
O'er the silent march of time,
For the mystic ceremonial,
Which many an ancient, runic rhyme,
And many an oft-repeated story
(Chronicled in days of yore),
Celebrate in time-worn volumes
And in tales of minstrel lore.

Sound the trumpet—clash the cymbals!
Let the bells in concert ring,
Whilst a city's wisdom chooses
Who shall be their civic king!

On whose head shall rest the laurel,
Who shall sit upon the chair;
Whose name head city proclamations
With the termination—"Mayor"!

Mayors were once both feared and honoured,
Rode the foremost in the field,
Their city's banners, proud, before them,
Their city's blazon on their shield!

Mighty spirit of Fitz-Alwine—
Merchant warriors of old—
Ye, who led your city's liegemen,
Men of valour, stout and bold—

Shade of dauntless William Walworth,
Whose prompt action saved a throne
(Who made such goodly use the mace of
When he struck Wat Tyler down)—

Heroes of well-remembered story—
Oh, mourn ye not the fallen fame
Which once that title filled with glory,
And graced a city with its name?

Once ye rode as mail-clad warriors,
Proud your cities to defend;
Men looked on you as protectors,
Kings for aid to you would send.

And thou, our boyhood's sacred hero,
Who thrice the proud position won,
Aided by thy feline assistant—
Immortal, glorious Whittington.

Spirits of Beckford, and of Gresham,
Who made with kings successful fight—
Oh, blush ye not for your successors,
Or mourn for your departed might!

Such, indeed, were city magnates,
Such the mayors who once held sway,
Guardians of their city's freedom,
Watchful guardians, too, were they.

Now, alas, the case is altered,
Mayors as puppets merely sit;
Butts for aldermanic bully,
And for puny, civic wit.

If wise, the mayor is still a puppet;
If a fool, he's still no worse,
If he only qualified is
With a deep, elastic purse.

All the virtues of his office,
Which the city's council heeds,
Consist in giving champagne dinners
And gorgeous aldermanic "feeds."

Sound the clarion—beat the cymbals!
Let your bells in concert ring,
Whilst the city's wisdom chooses
Who shall be their civic king!

On whose head shall rest the laurel?
Who shall fill the costly chair?
Who best stuffs his corporation—
He shall be the coming mayor!

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches,
Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

SOME correspondence, I notice, has taken place in reference to the summoning of juries to Coroner's inquests, and Mr. Sydney Smelt seems to have been able to give a satisfactory explanation. It is doubtful, however, if he could as easily explain away some statements I have heard in reference to his method of procedure in conducting an inquest. Excuses are to be made for a young gentleman who has all his experience in the art of eliciting information yet to gain; but he might, by an effort, at least avoid the ridiculous, as, for instance, in the following colloquy which took place one day last week. The case is that of a man killed by a fall from his horse.

Deputy-Coroner: Did the man get up?

Witness: No.

Deputy-Coroner: Why?

Witness: He was dead.

Deputy-Coroner: Did the horse get up?

Witness: Yes.

Deputy-Coroner (triumphantly): Then the horse wasn't dead?

Perhaps this was only the Deputy-Coroner's fun, however.

Another ridiculous incident occurred in the Deputy-Coroner's Court a few days ago. A baby had died, and the evidence seemed to show that the mother had overlain it. The child, it should be stated, was illegitimate. The verdict acquitted the woman of blame; but as she was leaving the room, a sapient jurymen observed, "You have got off this time, but take warning. When you have another illegitimate child, mind you are more careful." That "when you have another illegitimate child" is delicious.

There has been some curious gossip in the Hackney Coach Committee-room at the Town Hall. One of the members of that committee, who is also one of the Conservative representatives of Ardwick Ward, was seen driving a Hansom cab in Chorlton-cum-Hardy. How long he played the Jehu my informant does not say. All he knows was that the councillor was tooling along in fine style, while the cabby was running as fast as he could in pursuit of another respected member of the Council who lives in the village. The question which has engaged the other members of the committee is whether the cab-driving councillor has not made himself liable to penalty for being in charge of a horse and cab without a license. If a prosecution is instituted, we may expect some amusing disclosures.

At the usual lounge on Wednesday we were talking about that capital characteristic cartoon in *Punch* illustrating an incident of railway travelling in Ireland. "That wheel sounded cracked to me, porter," says the timorous passenger, poking his head out of the window as he heard the wheel-knocker tapping. "It is, sorr," replies porter, "but oi think she'll get as far as Dublin." One friend who knows Ireland said he was quite sure the incident was true, and this led to some stories of railway travelling. One said that he was going, a few months ago, from Manchester to Aberystwith, and found, after passing Craven Arms, that the train stopped for extremely long intervals at every station. At last he asked the guard how long they were likely to wait at the next station. "Can't exactly say, sir," says guard; "but if the beer is no better there than it is here, we sha'n't wait many minutes." "That reminds me," says another, "that once, coming down the Highland railway, the train came to a full stop, far from a station. I looked out, to ascertain the cause, and saw the driver and his stoker strike away from the line, cross a piece of moor to an out-field beyond, and then pick up something from the ground. When they came back they had a hare or a rabbit in their hands, and it turned out it was their custom to set a trap over night and call the next morning to see if there was anything in it." "That reminds me," said another—though how it could remind him I cannot quite make out—"of a more remarkable story still. A man was travelling on an American line notorious for its slowness. He was standing on the platform behind the last car. Presently the train came to a dead stop. The driver and the conductor got down, and seemed puzzled to account for the stoppage. They could not make it out, and then examined the wheels of each carriage until they came to the rear of the train. 'Why, look here, Bill,' said the conductor, 'here's the darned mischief. It's this swab's coat as does it.' And so it was in truth. The tail of the man's overcoat had caught in a bramble by the side, and that brought the train to a stand." No one could beat that, and the talk was turned to other subjects.

One was that case about the nuns. Of course, it is a wretched system

that they follow. It is degrading to the girls, many of whom are young and a few very pretty, to go from door to door asking alms like common beggars, and it is annoying to the householders whose bells, in the suburban districts, are continually ringing at the hands of hawkers, old-clothes buyers, itinerant minstrels, and professional mendicants. But the nuns are not beggars in the legal sense, as one or two rash men, one Mr. E. C. Towne to wit, have assumed. They are no more legal vagrants than the collector who asks your subscription to a relief fund or an hospital. There is, for instance, no false pretence alleged, and there is no thought of asking the alms for themselves alone, which are the two ingredients of the offence of vagrancy.

There is, therefore, nothing on the legal side to be said in favour of the Prestwich Dogberry who acted in a brutal manner without a shadow of reason to justify him. Mr. Addison did his cause no good by expending so much cheap vituperation on the foolish old man; but it is hard to say that he did not deserve all that was said of him by counsel. Mr. Addison is not much "addicted to Shakspeare," or he might have condensed his animadversions into a single passage by applying to Mr. Wood the remarks in which Dogberry repels the charge that he is an ass. "I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. O that I had been writ down an ass!"

One of the newspapers reminded us of one or two episodes in which Mr. Wood has before played a ridiculous figure. There was that charge against the canvasser of hawking without a license, and that summons against a neighbour for allowing her fowls to trespass on Mr. Wood's grass plot. But does anybody remember a more stirring adventure of which Mr. Wood was the hero, thirty years ago? There was a trespass there. A gentleman farmer who lived in Higher Broughton—fancy a gentleman farmer having broad acres in Higher Broughton!—while out with the Oldham harriers, somehow got into Mr. Wood's land. Mr. Wood seized the horse by the bridle to demand the name and address of the offender. "Let go the horse," shouted the stalwart old sportsman. "Hands off my horse," he roared a second time. Mr. Raynor Wood was tenacious, however, and the sportsman was not a man to be trifled with. A horsewhipping took place, and a summons followed; but the matter was ultimately arranged by friendly intervention, though Mr. Wood must have felt the smart for a long time.

NUTS TO CRACK.

MR. ADAM, M.P., the Liberal Whip, has been providing our Conservative friends with some nice nuts to crack. Certain persons, he said, were persistently declaring that elections were still in favour of the Government; but, in order to show the fallacy of this assertion, he had prepared a number of electoral statistics which were of a thoroughly conclusive character. Since January, 1876, there had been 83 new elections, of which 57 were contested and 26 uncontested. Among these contested elections, 32 were contested at the general election of 1874, and had again been contested since 1876. These elections offered the best ground of comparison as to the support which had been given to the Government in 1874, and since January, 1876. He found that in these thirty-two elections (exclusive of Irish) the Liberal party had gained 10 seats, while they had lost only one, and in these 32 elections the total voting power of the Liberal party in 1874 was 103,249, and the voting power of the Tories 101,999. Since July, 1876, the voting power of the Liberals in the 32 elections had been 116,139, while that of the Tories had been 104,697. It would thus be seen that, whereas in 1874, the Liberals had a majority of 3,242, they had in 1878 a majority of 11,442. By adding the Leith election, the majority for Liberals would be brought up to 14,583 in 33 elections, without counting 10 other elections which had taken place since then. Lord Claud Hamilton had asked Mr. Gladstone to name the constituencies which, since 1876, had returned, in large majority, members who disapproved of the conduct of the Ministry. He could answer the question. The constituencies were 23 in number—namely: Aberdeen (West), Burnley, Cumberland (East), Flint, Frome, Grimsby, Horsham, Leeds, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Oldham, Perth, Reading, Rochester, Tamworth, Argyleshire, Greenock, Leith, Haddington Burghs, Liskeard, Leominster, and Montgomery. During the present year there had been 19 elections, which had resulted in a majority of 7416 against the Eastern policy of the Government.

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SULLIVAN AND IRVING.

[BY A STUDENT OF THE DRAMA AND THE STAGE.]

COMPARISONS, no doubt, are often invidious and unjust; but they need never be odious or useless. To avoid instituting comparisons between Barry Sullivan and Henry Irving is quite impossible for Manchester men at the present time; for are not these two great actors—I won't say great rivals—appearing nightly in our midst, the one at the Queen's, the other at the Royal? That two such stars should shine in our sky at one and the same time is certainly a most exceptional occurrence. Very probably the coincidence is regretted alike by Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Irving, Mr. Alfred Thompson and Mr. J. C. Emmerson. However, the Fates would have it so; the secrecy observed by the different parties in making the arrangements only rendering the work of the Fates all the easier in the matter. As for the public, I think they deserve to be congratulated on the result. True, they may be unable to see either tragedian in all the parts in which they desired to have seen them on the present occasion. But then, as a set-off, they have opportunities of comparing and contrasting the two men such as few people have enjoyed.

Many clever critics are constantly carping about the decline of the stage. They never weary assuring us that we have few, almost no, great actors and actresses now-a-days. Reviewing the production of *The Winter's Tale* at Drury Lane, the current number of the *Athenæum*, for example, launches forth the following serious accusations:—"Year by year the number of actors capable of speaking six consecutive lines of Shakspeare diminishes, and whatever traditions concerning poetic art still linger among actors are the property of those whom managers are beginning to regard as superannuated. Mr. Phelps, on whom, as the last representative of a school of acting the age is ceasing to understand, the waves of criticism have beaten most fiercely, remains erect, but is rarely seen. Mrs. Dallas-Glynn, in whom is summed all that is best in the art we once considered national, stands, or is held, aloof, though we might fairly expect to see her when a play like *The Winter's Tale* is put forward. Mrs. Hermann Vezin, one of the few actresses that can give adequate utterance to the music of Shakspeare's lines, is relegated to secondary rôles, which her genius elevates into primary importance. The principal parts in a Shaksperian revival are assigned to those who, so far as Shakspeare is concerned, may be pronounced, in the words of Jaques's celebrated description—

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

There is no longer any pretence about the matter. A Shaksperian play is a vehicle for scenery and decoration, and nothing else. A score of years ago, even though the cry of decadence was continually heard, we had at Sadler's Wells performances which, so far as regards some parts at least, had beauty of suggestion, if not of illustration, and at the Princess's we had a faithful, if conventional, reflection of that which previous ages had held concerning the manner in which Shakspeare was to be rendered, encumbered, it might be, with spectacle, but not wholly buried beneath it. Now the *mise en scène* is everything, and the acting except in one or two parts, is not to be found. It is useless to chide individuals for the absence of gifts which they could only have obtained by processes altogether outside what is regarded as the function of the actor—by the study, that is, of the language they may have to speak until a sense of its beauty and worth breaks upon them. It is the system that is in fault rather than the individual, whose crime is that of omission only."

If this sort of thing stood by itself, one might pass it by, putting it down to personal jealousy, or spite, or incompetency, or ill-nature, or that favourite kind of croaking which is ever extolling the "grand old past" in contrast with the "degenerate present." But then it does not stand by itself. Every other day we are being told that the modern stage is destitute of great actors, at least of great tragedians. By not a few critics, who are exceedingly wise in their own conceit, men like Barry Sullivan and Henry Irving would be almost entirely ignored but for the fact that the public, or, at all events, sections of the public, swear by them even as their fathers swore by Charles Kean and Macready. In Birmingham, Dublin, and Liverpool, Mr. Sullivan is held in the highest possible esteem. Though the prices are frequently raised during his engagements not a single seat remains unoccupied. The same thing happens in the case of Mr. Irving in some towns. The critics may sit on these two gentlemen as much as they please. What care they, so long as they play to crowded, appreciative, and enthusiastic houses?

This week, in Manchester, both tragedians have drawn big houses; but as the Queen's is a larger place than the Royal there can be little doubt that more persons have seen Sullivan than Irving. The critics of the daily papers, as usual, have written in a very half-hearted style of both actors—damning them with faint praise, and praising them with suppressed damns. Yet the public have flocked to witness their great impersonations, and opinion has been much divided as to their comparative merits and demerits.

For my own part, I think that both deserve praise—hearty and sound. I have never been able to appreciate Sullivan's "Hamlet"—it is too much a piece of acting, and too little of a reality—but in *Richelieu*, *The Stranger*, *The Gamester*, and *Richard III.* he appears to great advantage. Irving's "Hamlet" is altogether a wonderful production. His "Richelieu" is a perfect masterpiece. I have reason to believe, indeed, that he himself looks upon his "Richelieu" as about his best, if not his very best, part. Next week he plays "Louis X." but, not having seen him in it, I can pronounce no opinion as to how he acquits himself in Delavigne's work. For such pieces as *The Lyons Mail* I care but little, although there can be no doubt that he displays powers of the highest order in his representation of the dual part. Once more our Manchester critics are down on Mr. Irving for what they are pleased to term his "peculiar pronunciation and studied mannerisms." The accusation is unjust. Mr. Irving is the same on the stage as he is off it—perfectly, beautifully natural. His pronunciation and his style are alike natural; and when the critics speak of him as affected they simply betray their utter ignorance of the man. Let them say at once that, naturally, his powers of articulation are defective, and I could understand them though I might not agree with them. Some of the same gentlemen, by the way, have all along condemned plays like *Our Boys*, but the condemnation of the critic has not interfered with the success of the piece. The *Athenæum* may write as it likes about the dearth, the total want, of great actors in these times; other critics may sit upon Sullivan and Irving as much as they please or dare—nevertheless, the public rejoice in having two such men, and posterity will wonder that a carping criticism should ever have done its worst—weak as that is—with respect to them.

ENGLISH VISITORS TO PARIS.

LET us be careful! We tread on dangerous ground. In theory, we have no objection to the lines:—

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us," &c.

But, in practice, we don't care much about them. A French writer has been describing the English visitors to the Paris Exhibition. Now, as lots of Manchester people, including many of our own friends, were amongst these visitors, we hasten to say that we have no animus in directing attention to the matter. We go further and suggest that the Manchester contingent cannot have been seen by this ill-natured Frenchman. He must, indeed, be an extremely audacious and wicked man actually to say that the English visitors knock up against you without apologising; they tread on your feet with their large boots without giving you notice; they instal themselves at your side in a café or restaurant without asking your permission, sitting down on your hat with the utmost *sang froid*, and they go to the theatre in impossible garments of which an Asnières boatman would be ashamed. "They present types of vulgarity" he goes on, "which are quite out of character with the orderly physiognomy of Paris. Even the women, who can be so pretty when they choose, contrive to attain here a degree of horrible ugliness. You see day after day the same lugubrious procession of islanders, male and female—the women with their red noses, their blue eyes, their piano keys projecting out of their mouths, shapeless haridans, who move like walking asparagus, their feet encased in enormous boots, for which no path is sufficiently wide, and who remind you of Cuirassiers; the men with dull and savage eyes, great red whiskers, giant automatons, all carrying the inevitable opera-glass across their shoulder, and crushing everything in their way with the weight of their heavy boots. The writer protests against the project of keeping open the Exhibition until November 20th if the delay in closing is to bring down such hordes, and he concludes by sympathising with the Ameer of Cabul, who refused, although he has no Campana Museum or Louvre, to admit the English into his territory." Wouldn't some of the English visitors like to tar-and-feather this vile and violent scribbler in the columns of the *Gaulois*?

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ON SMOKING.

[BY OUR OWN PIPER.]

HERE is no plant known to man which is so far-famed, and so universally spoken of, as tobacco. No herb has given rise to so much diversity of opinion, or so much absolutely vindictive and vituperative discussion; and no vegetable has established such a reputation amongst all classes of society, and in all quarters of the globe. From the crowned monarch to the horny-handed son of toil, the noble herb has its proselytes in every grade; and from the heir-apparent's choice "regalia" to the "Limerick roll" of his humblest congener, tobacco flourishes, soothes, and exhilarates.

First brought to Europe, to the court of Portugal, in 1559, and thence to that of Francis II., by Jean Nicot (in honour of whom it was named "Nicotania,") it was called by Catharine de Medicis "The Queen's Herb." It was introduced into Italy thirty years subsequently by Cardinal Sancta Croce, and its praises were sung through the continent by every poet of the age, the Cardinal being compared by them to the person who first brought a piece of the "true cross" into Europe, so greatly were its wonderful properties esteemed.

Raleigh, first introducer into England of our glorious herb—

"No sculptured monument, nor marbled fauce,
Thy memory needs; such records all are vain—
The monument is in the hearts of men—
Entombed within that shrine thou liv'st again!"

What an era in the history of this country was the year 1586! How the fame of the new herb flew like wildfire into every corner of the land—how the gallant knight undertook to *weigh* the smoke from a pipe of tobacco before his sovereign mistress, Queen Elizabeth, and how he there performed his task to her satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of all the assembled court; and how Sir Walter's servant threw a pail full of water on his master, under the impression that he was on fire—are not these tales written in the pages of many a volume, and become "familiar to the ear as household words?"

Perhaps the greatest impetus to the popularity of tobacco smoking in this country was that produced by the famous "Counterblast" written by that extremely silly, pedantic, sword-fearing, and gunpowder-hating son of the most unfortunate queen who ever reigned, who has been handed down to posterity by the facetious *soubriquet* of "The British Solomon."

This most learned and logical pamphlet, unfortunately, not being forcible enough to convince his loyal and obedient subjects of the sin and wickedness of smoking, but failing completely in its intended effect, the sagacious monarch laid a heavy tax upon the subject of his royal antipathy, and that also proving an abortive effort, he next prohibited by law any planter in Virginia from growing above one hundred pounds weight of it, under a heavy penalty. In Italy, in 1634, smoking was forbidden under penalty of the smoker having his nose cut off. By the constitution of Berne, 1661, the crime of smoking was placed on the statutes next to that of adultery, and in 1675 a special tribunal was there established, called the "Chambre de Tabac," for the purpose of enforcing its prohibition, which chamber was not abolished until the middle of the following century. The Council of Strasbourg, in 1719, prohibited the culture of tobacco, because it was feared it would destroy the growth of corn. Smoking was made a capital offence in Turkey by Amurath IV., under the apprehension that it made the people infertile.

And yet tobacco lives and flourishes! Smoking, in despite of all the opposition offered by Kings, Governments, and States, has increased in popularity, is still increasing, and will increase; it has lived down contradiction, and anti-tobacco associations, drops upon the surface of a mighty river, are carried away by the general current, not a trace of their existence being visible on the surface of Society; smokers come and go, and are seen everywhere. Let the tourist visit the highest Alpine peaks, he finds the smoker there, resting off his Alpenstock, a fragrant cloud from his cigar lending its perfume to the rarefied atmosphere around. Let him stand in the palace of the Cæsars, in the loneliest gallery of the Coliseum, under the glorious portico of the Partheon, or on the golden shore of the Bosphorus, there still he finds the votaries of the Indian herb. Let him wend his way over the blue Mediterranean, to the sublime piles of Karnak, Thebes, or Memphis, to the foot of the mysterious Sphinx, to the interior of the stupendous tombs of the Pharaohs, there he finds the Arab with his "hookah." Let him cross the rough Atlantic and stand by the mighty rapids of Niagara, and the true scent of the pure Virginian leaf, or the mild and odorous "Havanah," will be with him

there. Let him turn his wanderings to the interior, on to the vast, waving prairies, or into the immense forests of the American continent, and he will find the Redskins, seated in solemn conclave, around the council fire, whilst the peaceful "calumet" is passed round from mouth to mouth, giving wisdom to their deliberations, and sealing the friendship of inveterate tribes with far more effect than bond or treaty. Away across the mild Pacific to the land of the beautiful "Manilla," and onwards to the home of the delightful "Calcutta," still the same old love, still the same exquisite delight in the plant of plants, which is so happily described by Charles Lamb:—

"Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume;
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain:
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Than art the only manly scent."

And what companion of an idle hour or of a social chat is equal to a pipe or cigar? Ask the traveller what cheers him best on his solitary walk, ask the artist what assists him and enlivens his quiet study, ask the "swell" what relieves the *ennui* of his monotonous life, ask the "poor devil" author what it is which gives a zest to his efforts, ask the cheerful cottager what adds another charm to his happy existence, ask the hardy out-door labourer what helps him on with his daily toil, ask the sturdy backwoodsman or the most eager sportsman what they love next to their guns, ask the storm-beaten mariner what he prefers even to his grog,—the answer from one and all of these will be essentially the same—tobacco! Its medical properties cannot be denied. Its value as a disinfectant cannot be too highly estimated. It is recommended by Dr. Fowler in dropsies; and how useful it is always found in all those excruciating neuralgic affections of the face, known as *tie-doloureux*, tooth-ache, &c., which are so painful and yet so frequent! It is also very effective in giving relief in asthma; but in all cases of a discontented or disturbed mind, what a comforter is tobacco! Whether mild "Turkey" or more powerful "Latakia," "Red Virginia" or the blackest "Negrohead," "Golden Cloud" or "Honey-dew," "Cavendish" or "Killikinnick," "Twist" or "Pigtail," whether the leaf be rolled into the shapely cigar or the unshapely "Veveyfin," or smoked in its more popular cut form through the medium of the costly "meerschau," the humble "churchwarden," the unpretending "briar," or the favourite half-blackened "cutty," still, as a dispenser of rest to the weary, and comfort to the afflicted, unrivalled stands tobacco.

In each and every condition in life, in every country, in every clime, it has one uniform effect, that of soothing. What renders the gloomy, sulky Turk placid and affable?—tobacco. To the phlegmatic Dutchman it is almost one of the necessities of life, as counteracting the vapours arising from their damp, marshy soil. To the stoical German, to the frivolous and volatile Frenchman, to the vindictive Spaniard, to the semi-barbarous Muscovite, to the lively Italian, to the rough-and-ready Englishman, to the careful "canny" Scot, to the warm-hearted native of the Emerald Isle—to each and all these, tobacco is a source of contentment and happiness.

"Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men."

So sang Isaac Hawkins Browne one hundred and fifty years ago, and so sing we yet.

WHAT? Retrenchment under a Tory Government! The thing is impossible, surely. Yet we are told, on what seems to be good authority, that the great cry just now in all departments of the Army is for retrenchment. So much money was spent lately in preparing for the campaign which at one moment appeared imminent, that the Government are now anxious to keep down expenses. Colonel Stanley is desirous, if possible, of showing a reduction on most of the Votes. All this will be believed by us when it actually happens, but not before.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.
Paris, 1874, and 25, 26.

THE THEATRES.

WE are having a red-letter time of it in Manchester, just now, in matters theatrical, with Mr. Henry Irving at the Royal, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Prince's, and Mr. Barry Sullivan at the Queen's. Mr. Irving has already appeared in four characters, *Hamlet* on Monday, *The Bells* and *Jingle* on Tuesday and Wednesday, *Richelieu*, last night, and to-night and on Saturday will give *The Lyons Mail*. Mr. Irving's "Hamlet" is the butt of theatrical critics, but the actor withstands all assaults, and notwithstanding strong mannerisms and an unpleasant monthing of words which are essential to all Mr. Irving's parts, his "Hamlet" remains one of the noblest and even the most successful impersonations on the stage. As "Mathias," in *The Belts*, Mr. Irving is equally well-known in Manchester, and his ghastly part is played with magnificent force. *Jingle* has nothing to do with *The Bells*, but is the name of the Pickwickian character. By way of offering an extraordinary contrast to his usual characters, the piece is interesting, but it has, otherwise, little to recommend it.

At the Prince's Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are now appearing in an adaptation of M. Sardou's *Dora*. French adaptations to which we have of late been treated have proved so doubtful in their morality that it is certainly more than refreshing to meet with such a piece as *Diplomacy*, in which we not only find the slightest suspicion of naughtiness conspicuous by its absence, but have a plot at once, ingenious in conception, and worked out in an intelligent and pleasing way. The character of "Dora" (Mrs. Kendal) is not one of those which we have been much accustomed to see her impersonate. There is less gentleness and more passionate expression than is afforded by her general rôle; but, throughout, her acting was graced by the same quiet charm which so irresistibly bound us years ago when, as a mere girl, at the old Theatre Royal, Hull, she played "Viola" in *Twelfth Night*. Now that youthful grace has matured; the rising girl is now a woman encircled with the sweetest of domestic virtues. "Our Madge" is no more. The dawn of fame has widened into broad sunlight which, we hope, will not fade prematurely. Of Mr. Kendal's "Captain Beaulieu" let us say that it surprised us somewhat. Accustomed to his delightful play of light and shade, we were by no means prepared for the height of passionate acting displayed at the various crises of the plot. Stars though they are, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are too sensible to be surrounded by satellites of dimmed splendour. They are, indeed, extremely well supported. Of this support and the incidents of the piece we should like to dwell, but this week we cannot do so.

MAGISTRATE OR REPORTER—WHICH?

WE cannot inform our readers just yet whether it was the Stipendiary or the Reporter who was to blame for the extraordinary sentence passed at Salford Borough Police Court the other day. According to the *Evening News*, Peter Keswick, farmer and cattle dealer, Macclesfield, was summoned for exposing for sale in the Salford Cattle Market a cow which was deceased and unfit for human food. Mr. Fordham, meat inspector for the borough, said that he was on duty in the Cattle Market when he saw a cow belonging to the defendant. He had it slaughtered, and, on making a post-mortem examination, found the liver and lungs tuberculated and the carcass "graped" and dropsical. The carcass was destroyed by an order from a magistrate. The Stipendiary (Mr. Makinson) said as the case was not proved he should only fine the defendant 40s. and costs. Now, who was to blame for this? The case was not proved; and, therefore, poor Peter was only fined 40s. and costs. We await a reply from the Stipendiary or the Reporter, or from both.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

AGAIN we hear rumours of dissension in the Cabinet. It is said that the bold programme of Lord Lytton does not find favour with a powerful section of the Ministers. The main difficulty is the crippled state of the Indian exchequer, and the certainty that the necessary increase of expenditure will fall on the British taxpayer. Yes, those who are unfortunate enough to be "British taxpayers" are gradually getting to know, if they did not know before—and some of them evidently didn't—what Conservatism really means and is.

THIS is really too good to be missed. We (*Pall Mall Gazette*) understand that Her Majesty's Government, wishing to mark their sense of Lord Odo

Russell's services as third Plenipotentiary at the Berlin Congress, advised the Queen to confer on him the honour of a peerage. We also understand that Lord Odo Russell (possibly to mark his sense of the services at the Congress aforesaid of the first and second Plenipotentiaries) has respectfully declined the offer. According to the London correspondent of a Provincial paper, Lord Odo Russell, who is a Radical, rigidly refuses to accept any honour at Tory hands. The *Jackdaw* sincerely respects a man of this stamp, and probably the English Ambassador at Berlin will value our respect more highly than he does that of my Lord Beaconsfield. Odo, oh no!

INNOCENT individuals must often have wondered at the huge number of paragraphs which are devoted to a certain city tradesman in the columns of a couple of our contemporaries. How did they get there? How did this enterprising tradesman—call him Mr. A.—manage it? We cannot say; but perhaps the way in which such things are done in America may bear some resemblance to the way in which they are done in certain quarters in Manchester. Therefore, for the information of those whom it may concern, we reproduce the following curious cutting from an American journal:—"Our esteemed friend, Mr. Charles S. Dobkinson, of Flint River, has just left upon our table a fine basket of plums, for which he will accept our thanks, and is not only a genial gentleman and a pleasure to do business with, but his scholarly attainments and practical ideas have long placed him prominently before the people of this county, to whom it was an honour to serve. Mr. Dobkinson returned to his home last evening, and it will always be considered a pleasure to see him when he visits the city." Why should not Mr. A.'s friends be equally candid and precise?

WE know now why it is that so many praiseworthy persons seek the sheltering shade of the workhouse. At a meeting of Guardians the other day a rather hot discussion took place in reference to the extraordinary quantity of whisky which one of the medical officers prescribes to paupers. It was stated to be a notorious fact that many persons entered the workhouse simply for the sake of the whisky. The only reason alleged for giving it to the paupers was that they had been accustomed to it outside. Who would not be a pauper after this?

WHAT are they to do? Amongst the funds locked up in the unfortunate City of Glasgow Bank are those belonging to the Sustentation Fund Committee of the Free Church of Scotland. As the ministers are paid out of that fund they will have to suffer with other people in this particular instance. And why shouldn't they?

MR. KENNEDY and his clever family continue to draw large audiences to the Free Trade Hall Assembly-rooms each night, to hear their matchless illustrations of the charms of Scottish Song.

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KEITH'S CIRCUS.—On Monday night, Mr. Keith opened his new circus in Quay Street. There was a crowded house, and when Mr. Keith made his appearance he deservedly received a very flattering reception. The programme is an excellent one, and contains the names of such eminent artists as Madlle. Flora; Mr. Henry Brown, the jester; Brothers Forrest, musical clowns; Mr. Frank Fillis; Mr. George Gilbert; and the three active young gymnasts, Lillo, Elipa, and Eclio, who perform some very clever, but not at all dangerous, feats on the trapeze. Mr. Keith's establishment will be open throughout the winter season, and if he meets with half the success we wish him, he ought to be well satisfied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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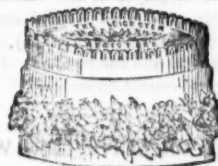
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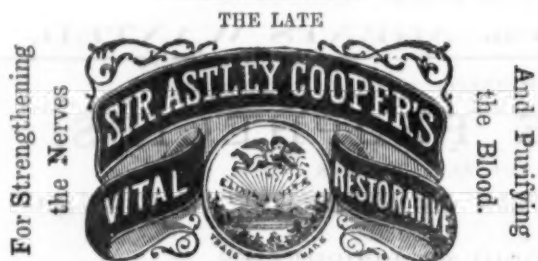
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